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A FOOLISH THING

BY LOUISE OLNEY
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Finding himself in the little green park a good half hour too early for his appointment with Chandler, who was still on the links, Peters tussled about, and finally walked aimlessly over to a corner thick with flowering bushes. He was hungry and wished he hadn't promised to dine with his friend, whose mania for golf would keep him playing till the last second. But he was enjoying his two days in the city, even though Chandler, strangely enough, had not offered to take him to see his fiancée—his letters had been full of Nan's perfection, and the preparations for a September wedding—and this was June. Chandler looked "down," too thin and strenuous.

Then Peters cocked his ear at a queer, smothered sound. He sprang up from the grass where he had thrown himself. It was like a woman crying. Walking into the bushes, he saw a white-clad girl with her arms flung along the back of the bench she sat sideways upon, and her head, yellow in the setting sun, laid low in her hands. She was crying in a smothered way. He looked at the caddy bag beside her, saw that she was a lady, and decided to speak. He came near and lifted his hat.

"Could I be of any service?" She started at his voice, leaping to her feet, her blue eyes angry through thick tears, then she saw he was of her own kind, and grew simply stiff but courteous.

"Thank you, no! I shouldn't be here—I'll go as soon as—" she bit her lip and her face worked a little; then she tried to smile. "I simply did a very foolish thing a week ago, and I was waiting here and got remember-



She Was Crying.

ing it, and was sorry. He again started to go, but a group of loafers passed, and he thought better of it. She saw his purpose and made room for him.

"Thank you, I am a little afraid—it's outrageous my being here alone—I really can't explain. But some one came out to the links whom I simply could not meet. I escaped, here—and couldn't help crying, and my face—looks so swollen. I didn't want to take the car until dusk. Everybody would notice. My motor exploded a tire."

Peters listened gravely, thinking her face very charming and brown and healthy, despite its tear-stains. She was furtively dabbing it with something wrapped in her handkerchief and the sulny look disappeared. His curiosity was aroused.

"What foolish thing did you do?" he asked calmly.

She stared. "It doesn't matter. It's too late to mend it. I got angry about nothing and sent somebody away—and then wished that person would come back."

"Send for him," he suggested, "since you did the disliking."

She twisted her handkerchief into a ball. "I think I'll go in a minute. No; well have to come back himself, but of course, he can have ten smoking rooms if he wants them. If he wants to get away from me sometimes—that is, he would have—" It was vague, but she was very young.

Peters smiled, picking up the clubs for her, and handing her the hat which lay on the grass. She put the latter on, twitching it to place. "If—that person—could find out what I thought of myself without my having to tell him—but he won't! And he's stubborn—he said he wouldn't come—until I sent for him! As if I would—ever do that—not if I die an—"

"Old maid?" finished Peters with joy. "But you won't. There is a world full of men who will come with-out being sent for, never."

"None a thousandth part as nice!" she corrected, rising. "I wish I were—dead!" She sighed, and he walked beside her.

"I will put you on the car. Never do this again—evidently you have been well taken care of, and don't know how annoying loafers might be in a lonely place like this." Then a

little light came to his. "Who wouldn't you meet in a lonely place?" She gave him a disdainful look. "As if—I'd—let—him—see—me—crying—about—him!"

But you weren't crying out there, were you?"

She looked ruefully at her slim hands and shook her head, much as a child might.

"No, but I should have been the minute he looked at me, and that pretty thing of a Pauline Evers watching us—she is in love with him herself."

Peters was deeply interested. Chandler had written about a Pauline Evers who was to be a bridesmaid or something equally grand. "She pretends she is sorry we have broken off, but she isn't. I wonder what he'll do with the house?" Tears came as she stood waiting for the car which did not appear. Then, suddenly, Peters remembered that his friend must be searching for him, and turned hastily to look—yes, there Chandler came, his long legs tearing along over the grass, his dark hair tousled, his cap in his hand, his broad shoulders back.

"There he is," he explained, "a man who was going to take me to dinner."

She turned and gave a little gasp. Then, as he lifted his hat and was going to leave her, she caught at his sleeve. Chandler was very near.

"Don't leave us," she implored. "Whisper your name, quick!" Peters did so. "Anybody here might have introduced you—on the club grounds, you see. I will not be left alone with him."

"But—I've a dinner engagement with him; what shall I do—what?"

"I'm—Nan Shepherd," she finished in the same whisper. "Don't you dare desert me! Do you suppose I'd have spoken if I hadn't known you were Remley Peters?"

But Chandler was upon them. His eyes wide he lifted his hand to raise his hat, and then foolishly remembered that he was bareheaded, and gave the lady he had been going to marry in September a stiff, courteous little bow. She laughed, as if Peters had just been telling her something very, very funny. He could have shaken her, then she lifted her innocent blue eyes to his face.

"It's—lovely of you, Mr. Peters, to insist on taking me home—I really don't know what mother'd do to me if she saw me coming home alone and it's really almost dark—dark, anyhow! Don't you play? You should! If you get enthusiastic enough, golf can take the place of anything else in the world to you! And then if you're a man and can smoke, nothing else matters, really! It must be lovely to be a man, and so independent—things hurt women. It's foolish, of course." She was chattering this utter drivel in a quick, rapid way that made Chandler give her an odd side glance.

Peters was tired of being used like this, wondering how he was to explain to Chandler, and all the rest when a new idea seized him. A few other men and girls came up, broken Evers among them. A car had broken down, and there was trouble on the line, so the wait was still on.

Peters gradually drew the girl back until they stood quite alone, and engaged her in talk he could be very non-committal. He could see Chandler's serious wrath from the corner of his eye, and rejoiced. Then, on the sly, he beckoned Chandler, who in a moment stood beside them still.

"Chandler," he said, "Miss Shepherd is tired of me, and wants you to see her home. I'm afraid she isn't quite well—I found her crying on a bench under the trees, yonder, because she had made a foolish mistake about something, and didn't want to meet somebody she knew on the links. I wonder if you know any thing about it?"

Nan turned a furious but tear-filled look upon him, she stamped slightly.

"How I hate your friend, Remley Peters!" she said, but Chandler had stepped up and had gently taken her arm.

Peters walked off, knowing he would dine alone, not caring that he was being called a beast. He hated nonsense, and he wouldn't have good old Chandler made miserable another minute for any girl's silly whim. He had seen him traipse for the last three years before she would decide to have him at all, and then to let mere pride about "speaking first" spoil things. He was going to advise Chandler, once having married her, to keep the upper hand. Not that he would take advice.

At length the belated car appeared, and all made a rush to get on. Pauline Evers, who had been busy flirting with young Trent, suddenly caught sight of Remley Chandler putting Nan Shepherd carefully into a seat, and her dark eyes grew big with utter astonishment.

"Will you—look at the reconciliation!" she whispered to the girl next her. Her voice was a little bitter.

"How some girls can get a man under their thumbs and then play fast and loose with him, beats me!" Well, I knew from the first that whatever they quarreled about was a foolish thing. It always is."

An Alarming Question. Charles Bentworth called upon a young woman whose father had money, but his had nothing to do with his visit. The mother of the young woman was of the sort that try to marry off the daughters whenever opportunity arrives. "How do you view the question of marriage?" she inquired of the visitor.

"Oh, with alarm, my dear madam," said the young man, visibly embarrassed.

HERE'S A BIG FAMILY

MOTHER AND HER THIRTEEN BABIES START SENSATION.

All the Youngsters Were Under Five Years and Conductor of Train Took Family for a Sunday School Picnic.

Carrington, N. D.—The Soo line averted the record family of the world through here on one of its fast trains a few days since. Thirteen children—two pairs of twins and three sets of triplets, all boys and all born within the last five years is the record of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott, erstwhile of Alberta, British Northwest, but now of Oklahoma, where they will make their future home. Since the members of the Scott family commenced to move, they have taxed the passenger equipment of a number of railroad systems and have given several passenger conductors nervous prostration to say nothing of the anxiety caused station agents at transfer points.

Frank Scott left Alberta last fall and went to Oklahoma, where he was lucky enough to get in at a land drawing and win 160 acres. Now the family has followed, passing through this city. The mother and thirteen little Scotts left Alberta and came by way of St. Paul and Minneapolis, the four teen riding 3,000 miles on one first class ticket, which is considered a record by railroad men.

As Conductor Jarvis entered the train he looked down the aisle of one of the coaches and seeing the Scott family, remarked to himself: "Here's a Sunday school picnic." When the train was under way and Conductor Jarvis went through the cars to take up tickets, he came upon the Scott family, the mother and children scattered over five seats. Stopping in front of the mother, Mrs. Scott passed up one ticket, calling for the transportation of one person and no more. Looking about, with a wave of the hand, Conductor Jarvis asked:

"Are these yours? If they are you will have to pay for some of them. You can't carry the inmates of an orphan asylum on one ticket."

Here Mrs. Scott proved that she was equal to the occasion and asked:

"Don't the rules of the road provide that all children under 5 years of age shall ride free, when accompanied by a parent?"

"Sure," responded the conductor, "but this is no family; it's a school on an outing, and you will have to pay half fare for a half dozen or more."

To prove that it was a family and no picnic, Mrs. Scott went down into a suit case and brought out the family Bible and opening it to the family record, called the roll.

"Over there are Ashbel, Arthur and Austin, triplets, 12 years old; in that seat are Arthur and Arnold, 12 years old, in the seat in front are Allan, Almon and Alvin, triplets, 2½ years old; across the aisle in that seat are Albert, Albion and Adolph, another set of triplets, 15 months old; and here in the seat with me are the babies, twins, Abel and Ameer, 6 months old. I have been married nine years and have but a box, or two pairs of triplets. We are now going to Oklahoma to start anew, where Frank, my husband, has a farm and there try to raise a family."

Convinced, Conductor Jarvis passed the members of the family, the children on the rest of the trip being known as the "Oklahoma Bible A's."

GIRL "DEAD" FOR 13 YEARS

Parents Decorated Grave Where She Was Supposed to Have Been Buried—Returns to Her Home.

Newton, Kan.,—Fourteen years ago Bertha Peterson of Newton eloped with Frank Noble against the wishes of her parents. A year later she was reported to have died after her marriage and her supposed grave was pointed out to her parents in a Welsh cemetery. Each year the parents have decorated the grave. Recently they received a letter from Mrs. Noble of Clinton, Ia., stating that she is prosperous, happy and the mother of four children. She was told to come home at once and meet her parents and old friends.

The parents could hardly believe their eyes as they read again and again the lines which unfolded the pent up love of a daughter, who no longer could control her heart, yearning once more to inquire about the old folks at home.

Mrs. Noble knew nothing of her supposed burial in Wales, until she arrived at Newton.

BEDBUGS FIGURE IN TAX PLEA

Ohio Board of Review Is Asked to Adjust Assessment of Infested House.

Sandusky, O.,—The board of review has received many protests from taxpayers who assert they are unjustly assessed. One protest, in a class by itself, was received from J. L. Watkins, who says a small frame house valued at \$1,100 is not worth the sum mentioned because it is so full of bedbugs that no one will live in it.

"Several years ago," he says, "I rented this house to a family who brought bedbugs with them. Since then no tenant stays longer in the house than it takes to find another. The law will not permit me to burn the house, but that is the only way the bugs will ever be disposed of."

How much a bug-infested house is worth will be determined by the board and the assessment revised.

RECRUIT HAD ROOM TO SPARE

Private's Boots Were So Large That His Feet Turned in Them Without Being Seen.

As a sergeant was bawling out his orders the other day in barracks, and watching the line of feet as the recruits endeavored to obey the word of command, he found, to his astonishment, that one pair of feet, more noticeable on account of their extra large size, never turned. Without taking his eyes off them, the sergeant shouted a second order. "About face!"

He could see that all the faces except those he watched turned in obedience. Rushing up to the owner, a little fellow, he seized him by the shoulder, shouting:

"Why don't you turn with the rest?"

"I did," replied the trembling recruit.

"You did, eh? Well, I watched your feet, and they never moved."

"It's the boots they gave me, sir," said the poor fellow. "They're so large that when I turn, my feet turn in them."

Truth Will Out.

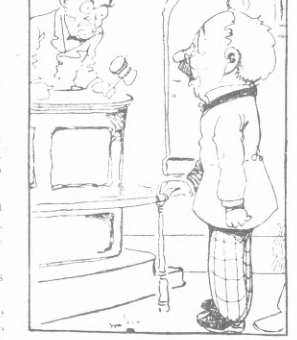
"Tell me, darling, you are not marrying me for my money?"

"He—Why, my pet, what could put such a thought in your head?"

"She—Well, in your last letter instead of 'I love you a hundred thousand times better than anything else' you wrote 'I love you a hundred thousand dollars better than anything else!'"

Flattering Blatter.

HE WAS HAPPY.



Magistrate—You had no right to hit the Spiritualistic medium. Prisoner—He was drunk. Magistrate—What's that got to do with it? Prisoner—My father always told me to strike a happy medium.

Quite So.

"You are always worrying," remarked the baseball magnate.

"It is the constant search for something new," explained the theatrical manager. "You know, I have to cater to the third business man."

I don't for the third business man worry me any. He roasts with the others when he gets to the ball park."

A Word of Commendation.

"So you can find nothing about my article to approve of?" said the magazine writer.

"I wouldn't say that," replied the editor as he surveyed the manuscript critically. "It is quite evident the type writing was done by an expert."

Natural Advantages.

"Women would be complete failures in politics. What do you suppose would happen if they went to congress, for instance?"

Doesn't every man's domestic experience prove to him that a woman is a born speaker of the house?"

Greatest.

"Every man talks big great at something, you know."

"Yes. I heard one of your neighbors say, the other day, that if you had gone in for that sort of thing early in life you might have become one of the world's greatest porch painters."

The Source of a Compliment.

"A Spanish painter says America is a great country."

"How many pictures has he sold to rich Americans?"

"About \$750,000 worth this trip."

"No wonder he thinks America a great country!"

A Boomerang.

"So Miss Gummage got no damages in her breach of promise suit?"

"No. Her lawyer proved the man, to be such a low-down, contemptible specimen of humanity that the jury decided he hadn't any value and congratulated her on losing him."

Rapid Communication.

"Think of the bonneted days when they had no telegraph or telephone."

"Yes," replied the traveling orator, "and yet it must have been a comfort to make a speech in one town without feeling that you would have to stand for every word of it in the next."

Knew His Business.

Asklitt—Who is that man who is explaining all about aerial navigation?"

Nott—Oh, he's one of our most prominent experts.

Asklitt—Ah, an expert aviator, eh?"

Nott—No—er—an expert talker.

Would Get Lost.

"If I take this young man, I will start him with a small sum weekly, but he'll have to find himself."

"Oh, that would never do! He is too absent-minded."

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